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THE MOAN OF THE TIBER

GUY FITCH PHELPS

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By

GUY FITCH PHELPS

Author of "The Black Prophet,"
"The Angel o' Deadman," Etc.

CINCINNATI

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DEDICATION

To my boyhood friend, George Grant Rose, my life companion, whose unchanging loyalty and love have been to me a ceaseless joy and strength. Together we have followed the dim trails of the West, slept in the bunch grass and listened to the cosmic sorrow in the pines.

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PREFACE

PERSONS unacquainted with the sinister facts concerning the Houses of the Good Shepherd prisons as they are operated to-day in the United States, for the benefit of Rome, may imagine that some of the scenes in this story especially descriptive of the treatment of the inmates of the Houses of the Good Shepherd are exaggerated. Those, however, who have personally investigated conditions, and especially those who have investigated the numerous cases where girls have escaped, or attempted escape, during the past five years will agree that the description given by Mr. Phelps is an understatement rather than an overstatement of the facts.

The *Menace,* during the past five years, has had its commissioners thoroughly investigate a number of instances connected with various Houses of the Good Shepherd in different parts of the country, when girls, at the hazard of their lives, have jumped from windows and otherwise attempted to escape, and these stories reveal conditions graver and more terrible than the vivid pen pictures

given by Mr. Phelps in "The Moan of the Tiber." Indeed, his story is based on facts, and as a general statement is history rather than fiction.

The Houses of the Good Shepherd, with their laundries and workshops, are enormous revenue-yielding institutions which *escape taxation,* and enable Rome to further fatten on the *unpaid toil of the little child slaves.*

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A TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR

GUY FITCH PHELPS, the author of "The Black Prophet" and that great temperance-reform story, "The Angel O' Deadman," is one of the most interesting personalities among the popular writers of the day.

While his earlier romances struck a responsive heart-chord and won many warm friends among lovers of strong, fine, pure and inspiring fiction, it was not till the publication of "The Black Prophet" in the *Menace,* when millions of eager Americans read this most powerful and convincing of all anti-Papal romances, that he leaped into nation-wide popularity. When the book appeared, there was an instantaneous demand for it from every corner in the land and from many foreign countries.

This demand has steadily grown, and several editions have already been called for, yet we believe that its present success is but a prophecy of its future circulation. Indeed, we shall not be surprised if its sales run up into the hundreds of thousands, for it combines the two elements of strength and popularity in such marked degree that it will doubtless soon be counted, in point of sales, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

Heretofore, Eugene Sue's distinctly great *expose* of the secret workings of the Jesuits, and the political intrigues of the Roman machine, as portrayed in "The Wandering Jew," was the one great anti-Papal novel of world-wide fame. "The Black Prophet," however, eclipses this romance in many respects. It is direct, vivid and enthralling. It strips the mask of hypocritical pretense from the age-long, persecuting, intolerant, reason-blighting, civilization-retarding, politico-religious machine known as the Roman hierarchy in such a manner as to startle the sleeping Protestants that have been drugged by the most cunning Jesuitical propaganda the world has ever seen.

Here is the truth. Here are facts—facts that are part of the history of the hour, presented so graphically that the reader can not forget. Here, also, we are taken behind the curtains, and behold the Roman hierarchy, and its great political arm, the Knights of Columbus, at work in secret conclave. Never has there been presented a truer or more vivid and convincing picture of the mighty nation-wide, autocratic and anti-democratic machine of Rome as is presented in the pages of this wonderful romance, which is truer than conventional history.

There is, however, another element of strength in "The Black Prophet." It is one of the most thrillingly interesting love stories of the day. Here the lover of powerful, virile romance will follow with breathless interest the career of the clean, truth-loving,

idealistic priest, Mark Gordon, and the beautiful heiress who is urged into the convent by harpies of avarice and sensuality, only to be rescued when all doors of opportunity for escape seemed to be closed, and hope surrendering to despair.

This story alone would give Mr. Phelps a permanent place among our novel-writers.

But it is with the man, rather than with his work, that we are at present concerned. The reading public is always interested in the personality of a favorite author, and one of the first questions people interested in great ethical and reformative issues ask relates to the writer's integrity as an author. Is he sincere? Is he in earnest, or simply seeking fame or wealth for himself? So, before noticing the story of his life, let it be said that Guy Fitch Phelps is a militant and fundamental Protestant Democrat. Into the mighty cause of freedom and unsullied Christianity —the work of restoring and preserving the glorious heritage bequeathed to the world by the author of the Declaration of Independence and his copatriots—Mr. Phelps has thrown his whole life, with its wealth of moral idealism, its rich imagination, and virile, untainted and brilliant intellectual power.

Mr. Phelps loves the Christianity of Christ and the primitive church with the love and passion of a John Huss or a Savonarola, and his devotion to our liberal Democracy is as whole-souled as was that of Patrick Henry, James Otis or Samuel Adams. It is

this loyalty to the religion of Christ and the Democracy of Jefferson that compelled the young novelist to pour his whole soul into the writing of "The Black Prophet," and which makes it the most vital and worthwhile message in fiction, dealing with the menace of political Romanism and Jesuitical intrigue.

The stern moral idealism which has come to him as a heritige from two noble parents gives him enviable pre-eminence among the present-day novelists, most of whose works are conspicuously lacking in spiritual enthusiasm and robust ethical truths.

Mr. Phelps' mother was a Scotchwoman of marked mental ability, with imagination and intense moral convictions. His father was of pure New England stock, possessing much of the pioneer spirit of the Pilgrims and Puritans, and not a little of their loyalty, devotion to duty and austere morality.

The Scotch, like the Welsh, Irish and the people of Brittany in France, are of Celtic origin, and thus it is not surprising to find among these people children of intense feeling or deep emotions, who possessed the fine poetical imagination that flowered in the verse of Robert Burns, and it is out of the unsullied life of lofty idealism which marked the Pilgrims, Puritans and Quakers that there came that wonderful florescence of poetry which gave distinction to the New England of the nineteenth century in the works of Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson,

Oliver Wendell Holmes and William Cullen Bryant. It is therefore not surprising to find in Guy Fitch Phelps a writer who possesses much of moral firmness, rectitude, a passion for truth and hatred of hypocrisy, combined with the poetic imagination of the land of Burns and that of Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell.

Born in Kansas, his parents, under the compulsion of the daring pioneer spirit, left the Sunflower State in 1880, and trekked across the plains to the rough and virgin Territory of Idaho.

The first settlement was made at the mining-camp of Bellevue. This camp, though only a few months old when the family arrived, swarmed with daring desperadoes and adventurous spirits—miners, gamblers and men and women with shady reputations. With that period of his boyhood days, Mr. Phelps, in recounting his early life, says:

"There was no railroad through the Territory at that time, so that all the supplies for the region were freighted in by ox and mule teams from Kelton, Utah. Though quite young, I recall the wild life of the place with a relish. I enjoyed it then. Having a nature which responded to excitement, I drank in the thrilling features of it. Here I saw many fights, and had the rather ghastly privilege of seeing two men killed in shooting scrapes in the street. These grew out of gambling rows."

As we can well imagine, Bellevue was not a place after the heart of parents of New

England and Scottish blood and moral idealism, so, after a year and a half's sojourn, the father sold out his business and pushed westward one hundred miles, settling near Boise City, the capital of the then Territory.

"The country," says the novelist, continuing his reminiscences, "was delightfully wild. Deer roamed over the mountains in countless thousands. This is strictly true. I have killed more than three hundred of them. All kinds of wild animals, cougars, bear, wolves and wildcats thronged the canyons and hills. 'Cattle kings,' as we called them, had hundreds of thousands of cattle running on the range. Horsemen, also, had scores of thousands of horses on the bunch grass. There in that romantic and blessed spot I grew up. Our house was a stopping-place for the riders and strangers who passed. My father's door was always open. Our few neighbors would come in, and the evening would be spent singing songs and telling stories. Shut away from the great world, we grew together. There were ten of us. A stream of periodicals came with every mail, and reading became a passion."

The mother of Mr. Phelps was a gifted writer of verse. She wrote under the name of "Naomi McDonald Phelps," and contributed many beautiful and popular poems to temperance, religious and reformative periodicals. You may find her picture and some of her best known lines in that fine anthology of our verse, "Poets of America." Her verse is marked by fine intuitive qualities, beauty

of diction, and purity and spirituality in thought and sentiment. Much of the mother's intellect and power of feeling was transmitted to the son.

In the new home, Guy Fitch Phelps spent his most susceptible years. In referring to this charmed spot and these years so rich in wealth for the sensitive imagination, the author says:

"Thus I was reared in the most romantic of places, with the sanity of virgin nature environing me, and the wonderful wild life touching me at every turn with its magic charm. I learned to dream, to hate injustice, to love nature, to weave romances, and my soul grew. Over those cloud-kissed and eternal mountains I roamed. I followed the round-ups. I became an excellent horseman, and I pride myself yet that few can swing to the saddle with a better knowledge of its meaning. I followed the dim trails, and have often slept in the bunch grass without cover or pillow, my horse feeding at the end of a rope, beside me.

"As a hunter, I have had some thrilling little experiences. I was charged once by a wild cow, and shot her six feet from the muzzle of the gun. I was once compelled to keep a wounded buck from killing me by holding his horns. My ability to do this was due to the fact that one of his hind legs was broken. I have been thrown from horses in all conditions and places. Never badly hurt. The camp fire was then, and is now, my chief delight. I know all the charm and passion

of the unstained wild. It is impossible to describe it: the sunshine streaming over the lifeful hollows, where the bucks lie in their cool beds; the cherry thickets, where the bear feed on wild fruit; the springs, sighed over by aspens, where the grouse lead their broods at ten in the morning; the vales and hollows, tracked with deer, and the dry foothills, inhabited by those white wraiths called antelope. There I have ridden alone, singing the songs of sentiment which circulated through the West. I have written since I can remember. I have always loved it. The struggle to get knowledge; the pushing out against the closed doors on every hand; the sweet romances which have lingered in my life like the fragrance of flowers around the vase; with all the wild, sad pain which must mingle in such a cup as mine—these things live in my memory and are part of my life. I detest forms and ceremonies. I have no use whatever for a cowardly ministry. I can not endure any kind of a machine. I am a product of the West. I was born in it. There I have lived. I know all the charm and wonder and romance of the dim trails which lead on into the back of Beyond."

The above personal confession is as interesting as it is self-revealing.

Like Edwin Markham, democracy's greatest poet, Guy Fitch Phelps is a true child of the great and imagination-fostering West. Primeval nature and the character-developing influences of normal life in a rugged, picturesque and virgin mountain land did far more

for these authors than man-made universities, environed by the temptations and moral-enervating influences of city life, and, in the case of each of these gifted writers, the after schooling, valuable as it was, counted far less than nature's gift, in the university where mountain and sky, rocks and streams, the virgin forest, the untrammeled life and ever-changing flora of free nature were teachers who confirmed the lessons of the great Book, which for centuries has been the fountain of inspiration and spiritual life for earth's upward struggling millions, and which will be the fountain of inspiration and uplift for ages yet to come.

AURORA, MO. B. O. FLOWER.

I

THE CURTAIN

MARION ALLISON looked down into her mother's face. It was full of peace. Some tears fell upon the glass. She removed them with a subdued motion. Her grief was not of the boisterous kind. She had grown accustomed to disappointment, and her submission was that which comes of great denials.

During the illness which had terminated in death, Marion had been the sick woman's constant companion. She had witnessed the pain and increasing weakness. Then came the hour when the mysterious curtain had dropped between them. A heavy ache filled her heart. However, necessity compelled her to think. She glanced about the room. The barren walls and soiled paper bore evidence of the past and seemed prophetic of the future. With a sob, she turned to the enlarged picture of a man. The face was frank and clean. The eyes were full of an almost boyish confidence. That was her father before the meshes of bibulous politics had ensnared him in the meshes of manhood's worst surrender. At least, she was proud of the picture. Then came memories of the time when he used to take her on his knees and talk

to her, but that was before the coming of the shadow.

With a fresh rush of tears, she turned to the pastel near by. It was plain that her mother sat for it before the sorrow which led to her death had begun. The features were laughing and comely. Going to the window, Marion looked out on what seemed to be an endless reach of fields goldened with flowers. How beautiful nature was. The wretchedness of her own life was like a discord in the natural harmony. A bird settled on an evergreen and burst into song. The sound brought a feeling of isolation, yet a sacrament of mist which still clung to the distant hills created a sense of rest in her heavy heart. If only she could mingle with its remoteness and be lost!

Hearing a step, she turned about. The woman who had watched beside her mother during the night had come in to say that she must go. The time for the service was near. Marion spoke some broken words expressing gratitude.

A little later, the few who lived near and were interested began to come in. When the minister arrived he found a dozen women gathered in the room. There was a business-like brevity about the service which was almost an affront. The pastor had many such calls. His remarks were commonplace enough, and, save for the sobbing of a few, there was little evidence of sympathy.

The procession consisted of the hearse and two carriages. The afternoon sun was mov-

ing swiftly to its setting. It had been impossible to secure even these two carriages before, owing to the fact that all the vehicles in the city and neighboring towns had been employed to do honor to the interment of a distiller, famous alike for his vast estates and many gifts bestowed on the religious projects of St. Patrick's Church, of which he was a devout member. Archbishop Crastie himself had administered extreme unction, and would later conduct masses for the dead. The deceased had made ample provision that prayers should be said for his soul, looking to purgatorial adjustments. The widow had arranged for a thousand candles to be kept burning in the different churches for a week. When the undertaker briefly explained the cause of the delay, Marion glanced at her father. He sat limply in a corner. She knew that he had emptied many bottles, to the degradation of himself and family, with the name of this same distiller on them.

Marion walked to the carriage between her father and George Ainsley, on whose arm she leaned. He had hurried back from college to be with her in this time of trouble, and she was greatly sustained by his quiet strength. After the ceremonies at the grave, its location being in a remote corner of the Lone Pine Cemetery, they were whirled back to the shabby house where William Allison had placed those dependent upon him.

That night George and Marion discussed their future. He must finish college. That would mean two more years. Then he would

come for her. Till that time she would remain with her father. In case of need she was to let him know at once. George Ainsley had always felt a great pity for William Allison. The man had once been strong. He remembered when he came with his family to church and was respected. Then he recalled the steps by which he had gone down. There had been the demand of the political machine, with its commercial and religious combinations revolving around Archbishop Crastie and the dead distiller. He had taken the platform to denounce the unholy alliance. This had brought him into sharp conflict with the defenders of church and state, and put his name under the ban of the hierarchy.

It was in those days he had first met Marion. She was only a girl then, but thoughtful and sincere. Even now she had the mien of one much beyond her years. The invisible something which was plotting to control the free institutions of the country had spread a net in which her father's feet had become tangled, and the woman he loved was an innocent sufferer because of it. He grew hot with indignation. Some day, in her name, he would strike, and strike hard. He little kne· under what strange circumstances he would repeat that vow.

When the time came for him to go they walked out under the stars. The night wind was moving the evergreens which fringed the lawn. From far away came the sound of the river, a threnody which hinted of some world sorrow of which Marion felt herself a part.

Below, the city lights spangled the dusk like a shower of fireflies.

"You will hear from me soon, Marion," he promised, drawing her to him very gently, and touching her forehead and hair with his lips.

"Do write often, George, for you know it will be so lonely now," she pleaded. And then, with a little catch in her voice: "Are you real sure that—that—it does not make any difference? You know mother was good?"

He placed his fingers on her lips: "Dear Marion, you must not think of such a thing. For your father, I feel a great sympathy. There is a chance that he may reform. In fact, I have always expected it. But what has that to do with you? I know you are worthy, and I love you, dear."

She watched him go down the path which led timidly away toward the city, her lashes wet. How strong and noble he looked. God had been very good to her in permitting him to come into her life, and she would do her best to be worthy of his love.

II

THE EGGS OF THE ASP

BOSS BAKER, confidential man of the Light & Power Company, and general manager of all the interests of the city machine, climbed into his auto and was whirled away.

He sat in the back seat stoical and expressionless. He did not see the throngs through which he was passing, nor did he notice the prominent business places. These were as familiar to him as the steps at his front door, as were the flamboyant resorts farther down, where the clearer waters of the better elements met the rile of the mudflats and hell's acreage of the North End. He was well acquainted, too, with every wheel within a wheel which went to make up the political and religious whole of which he, for no mean price, was the political overseer.

The elections were at hand, and Boss Baker was very busy. He had just received a call over the 'phone from no less a personage than Archbishop Crastie himself, and everything else had been put aside to attend to this important matter.

In front of the episcopal residence he alighted, glanced at his watch, and gave directions for the machine to be back in an

hour. Then he climbed the steps as fast as his corpulency would permit, and was received by the prelate himself.

Formalities were dispensed with. These men understood each other perfectly. They had met under such circumstances before. The archbishop led the way into his private office and indicated a chair with an authoritative gesture. There was a table between them. The boss took cigars from his pocket mechanically, and gave one to the priest.

"You wanted to see me, Your Grace?" he asked, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"On very important matters. There are several things which demand our attention. The situation requires a united effort to adjust it satisfactorily."

"Proceed."

The tone indicated perfect willingness on the part of the politician. The archbishop looked keenly at his visitor.

"First, then, I call your attention to the fact that a new element is making itself felt in the city. I have it from my assistants that a bill is to be presented at the next session of the Legislature demanding the opening of our Holy Houses. This infamous measure must be killed! Understand? Killed; and those bigots who are agitating it defeated so utterly that they will never again seek office. In this I pledge you the support of practically the entire Catholic vote."

The politician removed the cigar from his lips.

"Have you a list of the supporters of this measure?"

The prelate took a paper from the drawer and pushed it across the table. "You will find them there, with their counties."

The politician ran them over briefly. "All known to me," he commented, suggestively, "but it will take funds to accomplish their defeat."

"I understand that very well. You shall have what you need. The Catholic Church has means of securing revenue."

"What else, Your Grace?" The words were full of condescension.

"Simply that, with the return of other judicial favorites of ours, you must see to it that Mr. Gatenby is reinstated as juvenile judge. Much depends on this. Besides, he is a faithful son of the church. You demand funds. That is very well, but where are they to come from? I said we have resources. We have, one of which is our Houses of the Good Shepherd. But how shall we operate these benevolent institutions without some one to do the work? You begin to see what I mean? The juvenile court makes it possible to do this."

The archbishop looked at his visitor sharply.

"We must have the revenue from these institutions to meet the political reform demands which are coming upon us. Besides, I have a number of building schemes which must be completed. There is St. Mary's Cathedral, which will be the pride of Holy

Mother when finished. I am depending on these places, at least in part, for the funds to accomplish this. May all the saints be propitious! You can see the importance of having a Catholic for this office. I shall see that you have every assistance."

"It will not be difficult to arrange that, Bishop. Is there anything else?"

"There is; a very important matter, by the way. I need not tell you that there is a heretical element working in the city. Because of this opposition to the true church we must act very wisely. Catholics should not take a position which will subject them to open hostility, when they can accomplish their ends very well without it. I am informed that a Mrs. Bolton is very anxious to secure the position of city matron and general probation officer. She is a prominent member of a large sect. That is very good. Let her have it. In that way we can shut the mouths of the Protestant dogs who yelp at the heels of the true church. I shall impress her with the fact that she holds her place by my consent.

"There is this other matter also: we need an appropriation for our House of Good Shepherd. That must come through the Legislature. See that the candidates are pledged in regard to this. We will have our own men in the seats to present the measure. I am done."

Archbishop Crastie settled back in his chair with a gesture of finality. The politician collected himself.

"There are a couple of things which should have the support of the church as well as these, for I am of the opinion that both are vital to your interests. To begin with, there is a strong temperance sentiment working. I have reason to believe that a prohibition measure will be up at the next session. I think this might affect a large Catholic constituency. Am I right?"

"Most assuredly. Fully two-thirds of the saloon men in the State are members of the church. You can see what the cutting off of that revenue would mean to us. That fanatical movement must be defeated at all costs."

"You may be sure of our efforts along that line, but I am not overconfident of the result. The measure is well supported."

"Then be ready with an amendment which will take the limit off for sacramental purposes. If necessary, I shall array the entire Catholic vote against it and force the concession by way of the recall."

"Very good. My other proposition is the securing of certain important rights-of-way for the Light & Power Company, and to do this there must be some special legislating done. I wish to be assured of your support in this matter, Bishop."

"Have no doubt of that. The president of that company is a communicant of St. Patrick's. I have administered the sacrament to him myself. We have already discussed the situation in the presence of several of the stockholders. As you know, the company

controls a big per cent. of the candidates in the State. It is to be understood that they favor our appropriation measure and oppose the others I have named. I hope we can co-operate in these things."

The politician rose, glanced at his watch from habit, and went out. The prelate followed to the door, closing it noiselessly. The trade had been made, and the boss was on his way to carry out his part of it.

III

THE PLAYERS AND THEIR PARTS

ARCHBISHOP CRASTIE did not send Mrs. Bolton a written invitation to call upon him, neither did he communicate with her over the telephone; nevertheless, she came. It was all natural enough. She was busy preparing a way, in the wilderness of conflicting interests and aspiring candidates, to the desired appointment. Which position was not to be despised, inasmuch as it promised a round eighteen hundred dollars per annum and traveling expenses.

In her gyrations she inevitably crossed the trail of Boss Baker and certain prominent police commissioners. What more natural than that she should be made to feel in a vague way that it would be well to see His Grace, the Archbishop? Priding herself on possessing an assurance which braved all odds, she secured the prelate's ear over the telephone and arranged for a meeting.

Nevertheless, her Protestant heart fluttered with fear as she climbed the broad steps and touched the bell. Stepping back, she glanced at the church which stood on the corner. Its massive walls and high, narrow windows suggested ancient dungeons and Inquisitional history. Was it not the boast

of Rome that she made no changes? She had just begun to contemplate the nunnery, which stood on the opposite side of the episcopal residence, marking with a feeling of dread the twelve-foot wall which shut the building in and the undesired world out, when the door opened, and she was ushered into the presence of Archbishop Crastie.

Before she could begin the introduction which she had prepared, the prelate made it unnecessary by addressing her: "I suppose you are Mrs. Bolton?" Reading in her face that he was correct, he led the way into his private office. The archbishop was imposingly gowned, and from his neck hung a gorgeous gold cross. He motioned her to a seat, taking one himself. Then he turned his deep-set eyes upon her.

"You wish to discuss something with me, Mrs. Bolton?"

"If I might take a few minutes of your time."

"Proceed."

The crustiness of his manner was disconcerting, even to the well-developed self-possession of Mrs. Bolton.

"Perhaps you are aware that I desire the position of city matron and general probation officer? It is regarding this matter that I called."

"Why do you, a Protestant, come to me? Are not your own ministers able to arrange this for you?"

Mrs. Bolton was decidedly embarrassed, as her flushed cheeks indicated.

"I—I—felt that you might be interested in such matters; that is why I came."

The archbishop relaxed in a sinister smile.

"And right you are; we do take an interest in public affairs and the well-being of the community. That is our doctrine. All offices should receive their tenure from the altar. You wish my influence in securing this position. I might be of assistance to you, but first we must understand each other. You belong to a very prominent sect. You may have been, in this day of enmity to Holy Church, fed on the poison of lies and vile slanders against the characters of nuns and priests. The true and blessed church of Christ may have been held up to you as the sum of apostasy. It is possible you have read of horror-chambers and tortures. Perhaps you have believed these infamies. All are the detestable lies of the enemies of true religion, seeking to arouse prejudice."

The prelate changed his position and the movement caused the gold cross about his neck to glitter brilliantly. Mrs. Bolton was finding it hard to formulate a reply. It was unnecessary, for the archbishop continued:

"You see, the church desires to be of real assistance in the government of the city, as well as the State, and with this in view she has made herself a power in the community, and, I might add, the larger life of the nation. Of this we are justly proud. It is the will of God. If you secure this position, you will find it necessary to co-operate with the judge of the juvenile court. Understand? Cases

come under the inspection of the police, and these are reported to you and, together with the judge, you dispose of them. Thanks to the church founded upon the blessed Saint Peter, there is a place where these outcasts can go. Destitute of maternal care, they find the bosom of a better mother in the church. Left without a father's protection, they are given the defense of our benevolent institutions. Judges recognize this and are glad to avail themselves of the charity we offer. Ah, madam, the church has been slandered most wickedly. When you come to understand our teachings and practices, you will see that all you have heard are lies; the accursed lies of heretics! Do you think you can work harmoniously with the juvenile court?"

"I am quite clear that we are to operate in the same field, and it is my purpose to be faithful in the administration of my office."

The veiled nature of the reply seemed to please the prelate. His face was drawn into what answered for a smile as he rose.

"I think it can be arranged, and, if you give satisfaction, I see no reason why you can not retain the position indefinitely. However, you must see that there is no discord in the performance of your work. Otherwise, there would have to be an adjustment."

She was bowed out very coldly. On her way home in the car, she had time to go over the interview. After all, what did it matter if the church was interested? Things were just as they were, and the position was worth having. Like a majority of her Protestant

neighbors, Mrs. Bolton was quite ignorant of the complex character of city politics. She desired an office, and she understood instinctively that the way into it was along the line she was following. This had included Archbishop Crastie. So far as the conceit of the dignitary was concerned, she cared little for that. His church, as such, meant nothing to her. If their institutions were benevolent, well and good. That was outside of her concern.

The elections came, and the results were quite satisfactory to Mrs. Bolton, as well as the archbishop, for the inspection measure was defeated by a handsome majority, following a vindictive speech by Representative Pillinger. The appropriation for the House of the Good Shepherd was duly granted, while the temperance measures were tabled indefinitely, and the Light & Power Company were made sure of their franchises. The new chief of police was a loyal son of the church presided over by Archbishop Crastie, and Mrs. Bolton was duly installed in the coveted position. The actors had played their parts well. Boss Baker congratulated himself, and thought complacently of the fat roll of bills in his safety deposit box at the First National Bank.

IV

THE HOUSE OF TEARS

MARION ALLISON settled down to the dreary routine of her task, which consisted in keeping up the wretched house which she was compelled to call home, and making things as comfortable as she could for her father.

For a few weeks after his wife's death he tried to master his appetite. During that time he found employment, and his wages supplied the home with modest comforts. But the inevitable relapse came, and the wavering hope in Marion's heart died out. Then the responsibility of providing the things needed settled upon her, and she struggled bravely to meet the demands.

Marion was visited occasionally by Mrs. Holliday, who occupied quarters in the neighborhood. Her manner was in a way kind, though Marion was conscious of an uneasy feeling in her presence. At such times the woman took occasion to laud the tenets of her faith and the charitable work of those in charge of the holy houses. Marion listened without special interest. Her own creed was quite clearly defined, along with a very pronounced belief in the need of the Reformation. In these she remained unmoved by the appeals

of the would-be missionary, little dreaming of the net which was being spread for her, and which would ensnare her life in its meshes.

One evening in the gathering twilight a sister from the penal convent entered the home of Mrs. Holliday and talked a long time very earnestly. The following morning, Mrs. Bolton was called before the juvenile court and informed of a case which had been reported. The party was in great poverty. Her father was a drunkard, and her means of support such that the matter would have to be looked into. Citizens living in the community had informed the judge of the conditions, and she was therefore instructed to appear in court with the subject at once.

True to the manner of questionable actions, Mrs. Bolton gave Marion no satisfaction when questioned regarding the meaning of her call to the juvenile court. What did they want of her? Perhaps her father was in trouble and she was being forced into the public gaze. As is the way of one who has suffered much, she accompanied her conductor in silence. It was something connected with the thing which had broken her mother's heart. They had suffered together, and she must still endure it.

Marion was surprised to find the room deserted, save for the presence of Mrs. Holliday. Her father was not here. What did it mean? She turned toward the judge and found his glance fixed upon her. He was evidently interested. Marion was motioned to a seat. The probation officer

remained standing. At a gesture from the judge, Mrs. Bolton began to rehearse the case. She had investigated on her own account; then she had talked to Mrs. Holliday, who lived near. Matters were in bad condition. They were not as they should be. Even from the standpoint of the proper, there ought to be a change, to say nothing of the inability of the father to provide for his daughter. The man was a notorious drunkard, and the young woman should have protection. This was confirmed by Mrs. Holliday in a brief statement.

Marion heard all this in speechless astonishment. What were these people concocting against her? She would know. A dread of that august thing known as "contempt of court" almost overcame her, yet she rose and began to speak. Instantly the face of the judge clouded. She was commanded to be silent. In such cases the court was empowered to act. His office had been created for that purpose. She must submit to his judgment in the matter. He planned for her good. Provisions had been made for those in her condition. The probation officer would please do her duty. The aid of an officer was solicited and granted. The commitment was to be indefinite. If it could be shown the court in the future that conditions were what they should be, there might be opportunity for a new adjustment. The case was dismissed abruptly.

Marion would have renewed her demand for an explanation, but Mrs. Bolton prevented

it with a warning that further resistance to the will of the court would subject her to contempt, and that she would be compelled to obey.

As they descended the steps of the courthouse Marion was thinking very fast. She found it impossible to bring order out of the chaos into which her thoughts had been thrown. She was being forced away from her home contrary to her will. Against this she rebelled. An officer in uniform awaited them on the sidewalk. An automobile stood at the curb in throbbing readiness. Marion turned upon Mrs. Bolton with another demand for an explanation.

"What right have you to hale people to court and pass sentence against them when they are not charged with a transgression of law?"

"I am acting in the line of my duty. You heard the decree of the court. That is final. Come on; I have no time to waste."

The officer strode forward.

"Cut that out and move along," he commanded, domineeringly, pushing the resisting girl toward the machine and slamming the door when she had entered. The next instant they were whirled away, whither Marion knew not.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded, her indignation flaming.

"To an institution provided for those in your condition. I hope you will make no trouble, but obey the rules and do what you are told. You will find that the better way.

Some girls whom we commit are foolish enough to rebel, and they suffer much inconvenience as a result."

"Are you in the habit of committing individuals against their wishes?"

"To be sure. That is our business. Folks are usually committed against their wishes. The city has intrusted these things to us. We use our judgment in the matter. It so happens that we believe you would be better off in one of our institutions for awhile."

Marion's eyes flamed. With a quick spring she was through the door of the car and in the act of leaping to the road, when the hand of the officer gripped her arm savagely, causing intense pain.

"Get back in here, you d—d heretic," he growled through shut teeth.

Finding it useless to struggle, Marion resigned herself to her fate. Intently she pondered the word "heretic." Why had this man called her that? Instinctively she associated his brutality with the term. Then she thought of George Ainsley. He must know what had become of her. Her silence would cause him great anxiety.

"I have friends who must be told where I am. I must send letters to them," Marion ventured.

The chilly smile of the probation officer was accompanied by the unfeeling laugh of the policeman.

"You can talk that over with those in authority," Mrs. Bolton replied very suavely,

while the patrolman looked at Marion in a way which sent the hot blood to her cheeks in a protesting flood.

Just then the car came to a standstill before a massive iron gate. The officer opened the door and commanded Marion to get out. She obeyed, followed by Mrs. Bolton. They were before a stone wall some ten feet high. A subdued moan, which Marion recognized as the sound of machinery, came to her ears. Then the gate opened and she was forced through. It was closed and locked immediately. Some nuns in white garb came toward her.

"Where am I?" Marion demanded.

"This is the House of the Good Shepherd," one of the women replied.

"Why have they brought me to this prison?" Marion questioned indignantly.

"This is a place for such as you," the nun answered.

By this time the door had been reached. It opened and closed behind the trembling girl. She was immediately conducted into the presence of the stern-faced mother superior. At sight of the unfeeling features all the indignation and sense of injustice which burned within Marion's finely strung nature found voice in passionate protest, during which the compressed lips and narrowing eyelids of Mother Elizabeth boded ill for the unfortunate girl.

"You are a Protestant, the child of a heretic, and you manifest their accursed spirit. Here you must learn obedience, and

punishments and proper discipline will bring you to it."

At this Marion gave way to a flood of resentment which was interrupted by a stinging blow on the lips, administered by a nun at the nod of the superior, who then, in a voice which was vibrant with anger, commanded that the cat-o'-nine be brought. A nun hastened to obey.

"She will have to be taught her lesson at once. St. Frances, see that this stubbornness is thoroughly subdued." The superior then stepped back, while a swarm of nuns overpowered Marion.

Stretched over a couch, with most of her garments removed, the lash fell with horrible torture upon her quivering flesh. The pain caused her to cry out. The agony was fearful. Every lash left a long purple welt, from which the blood oozed like water from a sponge. After this she was dragged, almost fainting, to the dungeon under the stairs, where she was thrown on the cement floor and left in total darkness. There in the silence she lay, racked with pain and dread. Her wounds brought on a chill and she shook as if in an ague. Hours passed. At last she must have swooned, for when she regained consciousness several nuns were about her. She was commanded to get up. When she could not do this they assisted her savagely. Almost unable to stand, she was dragged to the bathtub and washed. Afterward, a nauseating mixture of food was forced upon her. Then she was told to kneel and kiss the floor

in the presence of Mother Elizabeth. Again Marion rebelled. Then she was returned to the bath and forced under cold water. Too much exhausted to make further resistance, Marion was hurried into a room and left. The apartment contained a couch covered with a thin mattress. She threw herself upon this and gave way to weakness.

The next morning she was again supplied with coarse food, and, though faint from hunger, she could swallow only a small portion of it. Once more she was commanded to kneel and kiss the floor before the superior. Again Marion refused, and this time a number of nuns threw themselves upon her and forced her face against the boards.

"Take her to the laundry," Mother Elizabeth commanded. "She'll find it will pay to observe the rules. If there is any further trouble, I'll consult Father Black. I think he may be able to provide discipline which will bring this heret' to her senses."

Marion was suddenly alive to her situation. She had been taught the methods of the priesthood. She had read of the Inquisition and its horrors. One of her earliest recollections was the picture of a chamber of tortures. There were half a dozen frocked priests, who were hovering about a victim whose feet were being slowly roasted. Near by a martyr was suspended upon pulleys, his arms twisted from their sockets. She had often wondered if this could be true. Later, when she grew older, it had been her habit to study the faces of priests, and what she

saw in their shifting glances and features convinced her that they were given to deeds that were evil. She had seen Father Black, and she shuddered at his overhanging brows and sinister expression. By every instinct of her nature she had read him for a degenerate. What would be her fate if she were given into his hands? She trembled at the thought. Anything but that!

Then began a round of starvation, mistreatment and wretchedness. Marion was taken by several nuns and conducted out of the nunnery. Each door was securely locked after they passed through it. Outside, she found herself between two high board fences, spiked with iron along the top so that no one could climb over. A score of yards away was a dull gray building, from which came the purring sound she had heard outside. Beyond that was the stone wall which enclosed the entire plant with ten feet of solid masonry. Throwing caution to the winds, Marion turned upon the nuns.

"If this place is a benevolent institution, why have you surrounded it with this wall? Why did you put those iron palings on top of the fences?"

The only answer she received was to be handled more savagely than before. At the end of the passage they came to a door. This, also, was locked. A nun opened it, and Marion was thrust through. Inside was a second door. Here the nun who carried the keys turned to Marion with a malicious expression.

"You will understand all about the walls in a little while without being told. See that you get out your allotment, or it will be the worse for you. Remember, we will have none of your heretic manners here."

To this Marion had no wish to reply, for her eyes were fixed wonderingly on what she saw before her. Scores of small girls were bent over power-driven machines, making shirts. Marion noticed their wasted bodies and staring, hopeless eyes. She saw their shrunken shoulders and withered hands. It was horrible! Over this aggregation of blighted childhood several nuns presided. They were moving about, urging the toilers to greater exertions. Marion knew that back of the nuns and the machines was the church, with Father Black, and all like him, deep in old wine—and worse. The story of the Inquisition was true, after all. She was looking upon it in modern form with her own eyes.

Passing through this department, they came to a door, also locked. Here Marion was forced into another large room, where the crash of more than fifty machines came to her ears. At each one a girl presided. She saw in the faces of these toilers the same dejection and wordless misery. It was evident that fearful wrongs were being perpetrated on these helpless victims. Marion wondered how many had been committed as she had been. What terrible perversion of law and justice was this that she, a Protestant, a member of a large denomination, could be imprisoned without cause, and made to

toil for this so-called church institution to the enriching of the priests and all at the head of the hierarchy? Hot indignation stirred in her soul. She would defy them, and at the first opportunity escape at any cost. Then she recalled the threat of the superior and quailed before what it promised. Anything but that! God help her! She had read things in Father Black's eyes which made her remember.

Marion was assigned to one of the machines in the laundry. The smell of foul steam filled her lungs with a choking odor. Glancing about, she saw other girls at machines, some younger, some older than herself. One brought some pieces for the mangle. Marion noticed that her fingers were gone. Every face wore an expression of hopelessness. Nuns moved about domineeringly, their faces set in a feelingless immobility. Marion began her task, having first sworn within herself that she would not submit to her condition beyond the first opportunity to escape from it.

At noon they sat down to food which consisted of refuse begged from the restaurants and groceries of the city. It was dangerous from decay and poison. Marion studied the others. They were wretchedly starved, and each ate with the instinct of some wild creature which contends for its share of the kill. Some were shorn of their hair, the haggled manner in which it had been removed indicating that it was done as a punishment. Others bore marks of beatings.

On every hand there was a cringing obedience to the nuns, who administered chastisement at will. Every hour the horror grew.

Little girls, who had been given such heavy tasks that they could not accomplish them in the time demanded, were punished by having their hands tied behind them and being forced to kneel before the image of the Virgin for long periods of time. The days passed. Marion was being rapidly initiated into an inferno of wretchedness and tears which she had never dreamed existed. Always, night and day, there was the scream of anguished girlhood in some corner of the building; always some one was receiving chastisement at the hands of the nuns. Some with enough spirit left to rebel were thrown into the dungeon under the stairs, where they were forced to endure the horror of darkness and loneliness for even a week, fed upon bread and water. Others were whipped unthinkably, and all for the most trivial infractions of the rules, or a failure to accomplish the tasks assigned them. These were often so great that twelve hours before the machines were not enough to accomplish them. In the night the little sufferers cried in their sleep, or begged piteously for mercy. Some called for their mothers or playmates. These unconscious complaints were promptly hushed by the soft-gliding nuns, who hovered over the tiny slaves like spirits of ill-omen.

With every opportunity which presented itself Marion studied her surroundings. She noticed that trees grew close to the back

wall. If she could escape from the building, she might get over the barrier by one of these. All about her were suffering in a variety of ways. They were starved, broken in spirit, whipped and driven relentlessly by the gain-getters of the institution, who in turn were driven by the hierarchy. Marion came in for a double portion of abuse. She was constantly reviled for being a Protestant and her burden made exceedingly hard. Exasperated beyond all endurance, she had rebelled, only to be subjected to the most inhuman cruelties. For days she languished in the dungeon, suffering the horrors of the darkness, and feverish from the effects of the lash, which had torn her flesh once more. A day and a night she was denied water. Terrible thirst parched her lips and throat. Her head beat as if to burst. At last she became unconscious. From such inquisitional experiences she was taken back to the laundry and compelled to work extra hours. At all costs she must get out of her prison. In all this no kind word was spoken, either to herself or the others. Marion wept much, and her heart longed for George Ainsley. If only he knew where she was and how she was suffering, he would accomplish her release at any cost. Even in her wretchedness his love was a great consolation. There was this one star left shining in her darkness.

Watching her chance, she found opportunity to examine a certain window which opened at the rear of the sleeping quarters. All the windows were barred, and, in addition,

there was a steel mesh and locked shutters inside, but for some reason these had been removed temporarily from this one window, which was hidden from observation by an angle in the wall. Marion knew that the place would be secured again within a few hours.

At noon she speculated on the distance from the window to the ground. It would be a full twenty-feet drop. This would endanger life and limbs, yet she determined to risk it. During the day a few words passed between her and a girl who, like herself, had suffered much because she had resisted the nuns. It was agreed that they would take the leap together. The hour following the noon meal was set as the time for the venture. Marion's heart beat very fast as she rose from the table. Her companion's expression indicated that she was ready. Hurrying through the building, they passed into the quarters, and, without more than glancing about, they climbed upon the sill. Waiting a few seconds for her companion to make the drop, Marion was startled by the sound of steps. Glancing back, she saw two nuns running toward her. Leaning out, she glimpsed her companion running across the yard. Then, with a gasp of fear, Marion fell. It seemed she was whirling through space endlessly. Then came a severe wrench of her body, with a keen pain in the spine and a sense of nausea. Unable to rise, she lay upon the ground, while a dread of coming tortures filled her mind. There the nuns

found her and dragged her back. Then followed unmerciful lashings and two days in the dungeon, after her fingers had been severely beaten with the edge of a rule. Again fever made its appearance, and she was taken to a bed, with the promise that when she left it her disciplining would be continued.

V

THE BUGLES OF COURAGE

GEORGE AINSLEY returned to college very happy in the vow which the woman he loved had made. Life held much for him. He entered upon his tasks with resolution, because every effort brought closer the coming of Marion Allison into his life. He placed her picture in his room where he could lift his glance to it at any time, and the fine eyes, with their cloudy beauty, seemed to smile him encouragement.

For some time her letters arrived regularly, then they ceased abruptly. For awhile he continued to write, thinking that she had been unexpectedly hindered in some way. But, when a month passed without a letter, he grew alarmed, and resolved to return and investigate the strange silence.

When he arrived at the Allison home he found that her father had just returned from a prolonged debauch and was unable to give any account, either of his daughter or himself. Inquiry among the neighbors revealed nothing. Mrs. Holliday was very cold in her manner and practically closed the door in his face. George ascribed the woman's deportment to the fact that he had once exposed the political machinations of

her church. A car came by and he boarded it. Once in the city, he hurried toward the office of Mrs. Bolton, the probation officer and general city matron. He found the lady very busy! When he insisted upon a few minutes' interview, he was finally admitted. She received him with a stiff professionalism which irritated him. In reply to his request for aid in discovering the whereabouts of Marion Allison, he was told, with a little change of tone, that she had been committed to the House of the Good Shepherd. While she was imparting this information, the probation officer studied her visitor narrowly. She was looking for those danger-signals which corrupt practice always considers worthy of attention.

For a time George sat speechless. He was trying to grasp the meaning of what he had heard. Then it dawned upon his mind clearly. A high color mounted to his temples. Anger was kindling in him. Then he asked a question with terrific directness:

"Why did you put her in that institution?"

Mrs. Bolton moved uneasily. "It was all a matter of lawful procedure, Mr. Ainsley. I understand a complaint was sent in by those living near. I had nothing to do with the case except to bring her before Judge Gatenby. Witnesses who were present convinced the court that she should be provided for. That is all I know about it. She was committed something over a month ago."

"Who were the witnesses?"

Again Mrs. Bolton showed agitation. "Why, I don't just recall. Mrs. Holliday was one."

"I see; a Roman Catholic. The case is becoming clearer. Judge Gatenby is also a member of that church. Who took Miss Allison to the House of the Good Shepherd?" His question was fearfully direct.

Mrs. Bolton hesitated. "I was required to be with her. However, an officer had charge of the case."

"Did she make any effort to escape?"

"Once she tried to leap from the machine."

"Who prevented her?"

"The officer. It would have been fatal."

George continued to look searchingly at the woman for some time without speaking, then he said, very deliberately:

"So you, a prominent member of a large Protestant church, had part in this bit of priestly railroading, did you? I have not a doubt but you received your appointment because of promises made to Archbishop Crastie and his satellites before election."

It was Mrs. Bolton's chance to play the injured dignity *role,* and she endeavored to do so.

"I refuse to take an insult at your hands, Mr. Ainsley. It is understood that where a man fails to be a gentleman he should be treated as something else. I have the power to place you under arrest, which I shall do if you refuse to go now."

George rose. His anger awed her. What

she read in his eyes caused her to forget her police powers.

"Then, proceed," he began, with an effort to control his voice, "for I refuse to leave this office till I have told you that I know you to be a tool of the Roman hierarchy. You intimate that I am not a gentleman. What claim could I make to that character were I to permit you and your pirate ring to crush the woman of my heart? I firmly believe you were closeted with Archbishop Crastie before you dared even to hope for this office. Judge Gatenby is a Catholic, a tool of the priests, and the spirit of a Jesuit is in him. You are the blind which makes it possible for these killers of children to secure their victims for those untaxed slave-pens, the Houses of the Good Shepherd. The frocked pirates who are slaughtering these helpless creatures are hiding in your Protestant shadow. You are kept in the foreground so the opponents of Romanism will be lulled to sleep. You threaten me with arrest. I defy you. More, I serve notice that you shall stand exposed before an aroused public. The time has come when this outrage against freedom must stop. I shall spoil your game of graft and greed."

Mrs. Bolton had risen, and stood, very white and silent before her visitor, whose blazing eyes held her speechless, while his words frightened her. Subconsciously, she was asking herself what this man could do. The dread of the guilty was upon her—the fear of exposure. When his quick steps had

died out in the hall, she sat down and tried to collect herself. All bad systems had been compelled to submit to public scrutiny, sooner or later, and it might be that such was at hand for the methods by which the Catholic Church secured laborers for the Houses of the Good Shepherd. Something must be done to head this off. She took up the 'phone and called a number. A hurried conversation with Archbishop Crastie followed, the replies of Mrs. Bolton indicating that he was asking many questions. Three minutes after the probation officer had hung up, the prelate was in communication with Mother Elizabeth at the House of the Good Shepherd. The courage of one man had startled the sleeping dragons, and the machinery of falsehood and evasion was set in motion.

Once in the street, George realized that he had spoken words which it would be most difficult to follow out. He was aware that nations had not been able to dethrone the institution against which he was about to set himself. A sense of helplessness came over him. Obeying an impulse, he turned into a side street and made his way toward the residence of Marion's pastor. The house stood in the shadow of the great building which lifted an imposing steeple high above the city. The minister received him in a very affable manner, ushering him into a cool parlor, well furnished with deep, restful chairs. George shattered the expectation of a matrimonial fee which he saw in the pastor's face:

"I am not here to arrange for marriage," he began, with spirit. "Rather, I came to tell you that the woman to whom I have made my vow has been railroaded into a House of the Good Shepherd, and I am here to ask your aid in an effort to release her." The minister blanched with apprehension. George continued: "I was at school doing post-graduate work in the study of law, and in my absence Miss Allison was imprisoned in that institution against her will, and for no cause whatever. Her father is a man of dissipated habits, as you doubtless know, and this gave the priestly thieves who run that slave-pen their chance. Not hearing from her, I returned to investigate. Your city probation officer has just told me where she is. Now, I am here to ask you, her pastor, what you are willing to do to help get her out."

The minister winced under the question. "It is too bad, Mr. Ainsley, but, really, I do not see that I am in a position to take the matter up just now. No doubt, the commitment was according to law. Such cases are to be regretted very much."

"But, I say, you are in a position to do a great deal, and right away, if you will," George countered, his words carrying a challenge. The minister flushed.

"Please state in what way."

"You are not limited to one thing; there are many ways to strike. But, first, go before your congregation next Sunday, having announced your subject, and expose this

ghastly system of robbery and imprisonment without the warrant of law or justice. Expose it, man, and show that the Catholic Church is reaping untold thousands of dollars out of the flesh and blood of these helpless victims of their diabolical greed. Tell the people how they are starved and abused. Do that, and then call your fellow-ministers together and tell them that one of your members has been imprisoned in this terrible place, and ask them to back you in an effort to take her out. Will you do that?"

The pastor moved nervously. "You ask an impossible thing, Mr. Ainsley. You never have been pastor of a large city church, and have no idea of the conflicting interests which demand one's tact and judgment. To do as you request would make a demand for my resignation a certainty."

"Why?"

"Well, to begin with, there are business interests to be considered. My official board is composed largely of men engaged in mercantile enterprises. If I should speak on this subject, boycott from the Catholic Church would follow immediately, and the whole thing would react on me. Those men would utterly refuse to permit such a subject to be discussed in this church."

"You confess, then, that you are compelled to submit to the dictates of this dragonish mammon?"

"You put it a little strong, Mr. Ainsley."

"I'll put it stronger than that. You have confessed that you are a hireling and a time-

server. The fear which prevents you from telling the truth in this case keeps you from telling it in others. Had you the courage to face evil of another nature you would be compelled to face this one. The fact that you dare not touch it is evidence that you take the same attitude toward other crimes against humanity. You and your official board are as guilty as Archbishop Crastie. Why? Because he, to fill his thieving purse, manipulates city politics, puts judges on the bench and railroads hundreds of motherless children into his slave-pens. This he does for money. Very well. You and your official board consent that this infamy shall continue for the same reason. You are pastor of this great church. You are supposed to tell the truth. But, because of your salary and the business interests of your members, you dare not do so. How much better are you than Archbishop Crastie? He steals girls that he may make money. You, and all ministers like you, permit him to do so for the same reason. I put it where you can see it. How do you like it?"

"Well enough to refuse to permit you to continue to insult me," the pastor replied, rising, flushed and agitated. George got up also.

"Just forget that, please. If I have insulted you by enlarging on your confession, how about the admission? You have said you dare not bring this question into your pulpit. I add that, such being the case, you are unfit to bring any subject into your

pulpit. Here is one of your own members imprisoned in a Roman horror-prison, and yet you dare not refer to it! This same cowardice keeps your mouth shut on every other unpopular measure, I am sure of that. What is the agony and motherless weeping of those little victims over in that Catholic hell to you? What do you care that young women are driven like slaves at the lash's end, that they are the helpless pawns of priestly abuse, and crushed under the befouling touch of that diabolical system? How is it that you do not know that hundreds are kidnapped into those institutions without even a show of law? More, that the whole juvenile frame-up is a Romish game to get unpaid labor, and the children of Protestants, where they can force them to kneel before their images and crosses? Was Miss Allison in need? No. If she had been, it was the duty of this church to change her condition. Some of that sacred business interest of which you speak would come in well in such a case. How did it happen? Simply through a Catholic neighbor, assisted by that Protestant tool of Papal corruption, Mrs. Bolton, who is also a member of your church. But I serve notice that I will give it to the public. I will lay bare the whole system, and the criminal indifference of Protestant ministers and laymen, and it will take more than a bowling-alley membership and a patented smile to pass you when I do."

Without giving the minister a chance to reply, George left the room. He was burn-

ing with indignation. The policy of the man had disgusted him. It was very plain why the hierarchy was so bold in its methods. When Protestants should awake and present a solid front, such places as the House of the Good Shepherd would be impossible.

In the street, the old feeling of insufficiency came back to him. The city was so large and complicated. How could he snap the threads which held his beloved in such an evil net? Where should he begin? Hot with resentment against the criminal practices of the church which had laid its unwashed hands on the woman he loved, he hailed a cab and gave orders to be driven to Archbishop Crastie's residence.

The prelate himself opened the door warily, and stood peering at his visitor with crafty eyes which glittered under shaggy brows. George pushed the door wider and entered.

"I came to talk to you," he said, ignoring the priest's effort to keep him out.

"I have no time—I have no time to talk to you," the Jesuit objected, moving back nervously.

"You'll talk, just the same," George replied, his indignation taking on a deeper heat in the presence of the man who represented the system which had brought such wretchedness upon him.

The archbishop went toward the 'phone, but George stopped him.

"None of that. You are not dealing with a defenseless woman now. Come any of

your inquisitional tricks, and I'll shake you like a rat."

The prelate backed into a side room, and placed a table between them. George leaned over it and fixed his glance on the face of the agitated dignitary, who sank into a chair.

"You are the head of the Catholic Church in this part of the country, are you not?"

"I am, sir."

"Then, you are the chief slave-master over the House of the Good Shepherd in this city?"

The archbishop moved uneasily, a malicious light coming into his eyes. "Dare you speak so to God's minister? The institution is supported by the best people, and upheld by the State. Did not the Legislature give it an appropriation? We care for the homeless and reform the wayward. The blessed Saint Anna is the patron of the institution."

"I'll listen to none of your hypocritical mouthings about saints. What I want to know is, why you put Marion Allison in that place. Had she broken any law? And, if she had, what right have you to the persons and toil of those under civil sentence?"

"Ask the court about that; I know nothing of the matter."

"To be sure, your slaves are too many for your memory, but, yet, you are the head criminal in this whole thieving scheme. Sold body and soul to greed and love of power, you descend to the wallows of every infamy that you may realize your diabolical plans. The House of the Good Shepherd is a prison,

a slave-pen, and all that is debasing and immoral in one. There you crush and blight the bodies and minds and souls of children, chaining them to your machines by laws which you have created. What is it to you and your bibulous associates that the eyes of your victims grow lack-luster and their chests fall in? What do you care that they weep for their mothers and are denied every childish joy? Scores of them are there, railroaded into your mill of greed because they were helpless. Through your tool, Judge Gatenby, and that Protestant hypocrite, Mrs. Bolton, you keep your machines going with unpaid toil. Look at the walls which shut in your commercial hell! See the barred and locked windows. Behold your fences bristling with spikes. All of which bear witness to the monstrous infamy which you are practicing. There you coin the blood of your victims into silver and gold. With your church on such a foundation, and your garments clotted with the blood of these innocents, you dare lift up your befouled faces to a holy God and offer your wine slops and wafer deities and call it religion."

The prelate, red-faced, and stammering with wrath, rose to protest, gesticulating wildly.

"Sit down!" George commanded, and the bishop obeyed, impelled by the young man's determination. "I am not through yet. You tell me these commitments are by way of the court. But you and your church made the court by which they are committed. Judge

Gatenby is a Catholic. You put him on the bench that you might be able to railroad these helpless ones into your prison-pens. Then, to hide your craft and keep the 'heretics' quiet, you made Mrs. Bolton probation officer. In this way you pull the fleece over the eyes of Protestants, and your steal comes easy. To be sure, any one who would sell an indulgence would sell a girl.

"And into whose hands are these forgotten ones committed? Why, those who are as lost to pity as yourself. You crush these victims of your avarice. You break their spirits; you dwarf and weaken their minds. You plan deliberately to do this because you seek to produce an element fit only for your prison-slavery. They must be blighted and degraded in order to be satisfactory to you.

"You have debauched the public conscience. Your apostate church is the bulwark of the saloon business in the State. A large proportion of the keepers of resorts and dives are Catholics. Your members are the chief drunkard-makers of the city. When you have ruined the homes of the drinkers and beggared their children, then, like vultures swooping to the prey, you take these ruined ones in your hellish net and mangle them in your sweatshops.

"And over all this unspeakable wickedness you spread the cloak of what you call religion. With the moan of these bruised ones going up to a God of pity, you continue saying masses for souls in a purgatory which does not exist. Priests who are

wine-drinkers conduct your services, and you disgrace the very name of religion by teaching that God will be pleased with you, in spite of these practices. In your Catholic saloons the creatures of passion are created and trained. Then, you take this product of your system and make them slaves in your sweatshops, and, to cover your wickedness, you call it the House of the Good Shepherd. But where does the Good Shepherd appear? Is he to be found in the work of forcing tender girlhood to labor long and in the crushing of helpless childhood?

"And so are all your abominations conducted. Built upon vice and superstition, your nunneries are not strangers to immorality, your own writers being witness; your slave-pens open sores of cruelty and injustice; the State officers bought and sold by you, and every ideal of decent government outraged by your corrupt practices, you still creep about your altars among your meaningless candles, muttering your gibberish and becoming, if possible, ever more heathen. Over all this crime and foolishness you croak your 'blesseds' and 'holy saints' this and that, as if God could be fooled by such hypocrisy.

"Into your slave-pens you have railroaded Marion Allison. Her father was made a drunkard in Catholic saloons. Now you reach out your serpent coils and take in this innocent victim of your system. You plan to coin her body into money. But I am here to tell you that you will not. Take my

advice and send her to her home immediately. For once you have taken the wrong person in your net. Whatever the cost, she comes out. Understand?"

The archbishop was shaking with rage, his features passing through a kaleidoscope of vindictive expressions. His eyes glittered savagely, but the terrible anger of the man who towered above him kept him silent.

"One thing more before I go. Your life shows in your face. There I see cunning and cruelty. You have every feature of a degenerate. You are given to believing the ridiculous and absurd. You may deny that your church has the truth told about it; continue to denounce those who point out your absurdities and wickedness, but one thing you can't avoid is the fact that all you are is plainly written in your countenance."

Realizing that he was almost mastered with a desire to strangle the prelate, George left abruptly. When he had walked half a dozen blocks, he began to see that his visit had accomplished him nothing beyond affording an opportunity to tell the priest what he thought of him and his church. After all, it would have been better to have stayed away. He knew the archbishop would stop at nothing in his desire for revenge, and that this would fall upon Marion Allison as well as himself.

He paused on a corner to think. Then, obeying something which suggested itself to him, he hurried in the direction of the law

firm of Huston & Coruthers. He knew these men. They would be interested in his case. An hour later, when he stepped from the elevator, there was a new light in his face, and he walked with a determined swing.

VI

THE WINGS OF LOVE

WHEN he had time to think it over, George became satisfied that any process by law to obtain the release of Marion Allison would be long at best, and, after all, very uncertain. He recalled how thoroughly the hierarchy had manipulated the judiciary for their interests, and that the consideration of his case could be easily deferred indefinitely.

Once more he acted upon impulse. He was young. The blood ran warm in his veins. He was fighting for her he loved. He had every assurance that his lawyers would do all they could, but he was impatient. He had reason to know that Marion would be in great danger and subject to fearful cruelties at the hands of those who were crushing her. He must act at once. Come what might, he would save her or give his life in the attempt.

He was in the act of going out when the postman handed him a letter. Its contents proved to be startling enough. The writer had escaped from the House of the Good Shepherd. Marion Allison had attempted the same thing and failed. She had been instructed to write him in case there was a

miscarriage of their plans. She had seen her companion on the ground, unable to rise, and she knew she had been taken back into the convent. The epistle had been forwarded from his school address. Thrusting the missive into his pocket, he called a taxicab, and gave directions to drive to a certain address with all speed.

Twenty minutes later he was in the presence of a girl perhaps sixteen years of age. Her eyes were haunted with an expression of fear, and she limped as a result of her drop from the window. What followed bristled with importance. First, George learned that certain patriotic people were highly indignant over what she had revealed regarding the House of the Good Shepherd. He took down these names. Then he drew a careful plan of the institution, according to her description. After this an hour was spent in visiting certain numbers. Plans were laid for a secret meeting that night.

By nine o'clock the invited ones were all present. George stated his case and received the hearty sympathy of each one. Great indignation was expressed. Something must be done. The visit to Archbishop Crastie was voted a mistake. The prelate would act immediately. George saw it in the same light, now that he had thought it over. Then followed plans. These men were determined. They were not alone. There was an organization in the city which took just such cases as this in hand. These intolerable doings of Romanism must be stopped.

As the midnight hour approached, ten men and a girl stole away through the darkness. Following secret ways, they came to the neighborhood of the House of the Good Shepherd. While the rest remained hidden, George and the girl, with one of the men, crept up and reconnoitered, following the line of the walls and getting the location of the entrances. Then they rejoined their companions.

Noiseless as wraiths, they circled the walls and cut the telephone wires. Half of the men were then put on guard outside, and the others, with George, entered by means of ladders. The five men drew together and discussed the next move. They must act at once. Going to the door, George knocked very loudly. This was repeated several times. Then came the sound of a key in the lock, and the next instant a nun stood before them. As she showed no surprise, it was manifest that she was accustomed to night committals. This was a significant revelation. The men entered at once. The woman discovered the irregularity too late.

"We are here to get Marion Allison. Lead us to her at once!" The nun hesitated. "You must obey. Come, we mean business, and we have no time to lose."

"Mother of God! Who are you?" she cried, in frightened tones.

"Never mind about the mother of God; it's another woman, Marion Allison, we are after. Take us to her immediately. We know she is here."

"There is no such person in this house. I do not know the name."

"None of that. The records show she is here. Lead on." One of the men took the woman by the arm and compelled her to proceed.

At that instant a group of nuns appeared. They were startled to frightened exclamations when they saw the men, and marked their determined air. All protested that Marion Allison was not in the building. She had been removed to another place.

Believing this to be false, the nuns were put into a room and a guard set over them. Then began a thorough search of the premises. At the end of an hour they found no trace of the one they sought. Every minute the possibility of discovery increased. Full of anxiety, George led his followers to the basement once more. This time they discovered the dungeon under the stairs, in which the shrunken body of a little girl lay, the sufferer moaning with fright and pain. She was removed immediately. As they returned through a dark passage, a nun glided out of a side room and approached George, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Will you protect me if I speak? Hist! My life will be in danger! The girl you seek is not here. She was removed by order of the archbishop."

"Is that not a Catholic lie to protect your institution? You are trained to do such things when it will shield your church."

"You are right, we are taught to falsify;

but I am speaking the truth. She is gone."

"Why do you, a nun, tell me this?" George asked.

"Because I am tired of it all; tired of cruelty and injustice. Surely you will be sufficiently glad of my aid to protect me."

"You shall not be harmed," he assured her.

"If Marion Allison is not here, then, where is she?"

The nun named another House of the Good Shepherd miles distant. Something had already alarmed the archbishop, and he had ordered the transfer.

George condemned himself for his unwise conduct in revealing his purpose to the prelate. Yet, perhaps the woman was deceiving him. He would be sure. Another half-hour was spent in searching, but no trace of Marion could be found. Then he questioned certain of the inmates, who testified that she had not been present at the last two meals. There was a way to test the matter. If the nun went with them voluntarily, he would believe she told the truth; if not, he would continue his search. His confidence was strengthened when he saw her preparing to acompany them. Outside, she repeated her former statement, and gave directions regarding the institution to which Marion had been sent.

The men drew aside and discussed the situation. There would not be time to cover the distance to the other place before morning, and it would be wise to wait till the

excitement which their action would create might die down. To each one George expressed his gratitude. Then he placed the nun in the care of one of them, who was to take her to his house. Unseen by the others, he gave her some money. She would need this, and more, in her coming experiences. Then they separated.

George had not objected when his companions counseled delay, but in his own mind he planned very differently. Going to an out-of-town depot, he bought a ticket which took him to within a few miles of the convent the nun had named. A brisk walk shortly brought him near the place. On the other side were the twinkling lights of a village. After making a careful examination, he withdrew, as the first streaks of morning lanced the east. He found a hotel apparently little frequented, secured a room and threw himself down to rest.

When night came again, George moved through the clasping dusk toward the House of the Good Shepherd. As he hurried along his mind was filled with anxious thoughts. He recalled the crimson line of martyrs, from Huss to Ferrar, slain by the institution which was seeking to crush the woman he loved. All its infamy and cruelty rose before him. The mystery of its iniquity baffled him. How had it maintained its evil place in the world through all the advancing steps of civilization? Red with the blood of its slaughtered millions, it still defied liberty and justice by running up its ancient walls

about its prisons and crushing those who dared oppose its monstrous absurdities. He paused and looked up to heaven in silent prayer, asking for aid.

Moving on cautiously, he approached the rear of the buildings, then, keeping as close as he dared, he circled around them. In this way he located the gate and the inside entrances. In addition to the outside wall, there were board fences separating the grounds. These were suggestive enough. He was convinced that Marion was confined in this place, but how was he to reach her? As he stood in the darkness trying to formulate some plan, he made out the form of a man crouched near the gate. He smiled grimly. The "beast" was guarding its interests well. At a news-stand he had bought a paper and read that burglars had invaded the House of the Good Shepherd, having first cut the wires. This falsehood covered the facts in the case. A feeling of desperation took possession of him. He would rescue the woman he loved or die in the attempt.

Once more he went to the rear of the wall. On his way he passed a place where ditchers had been at work. Their tools lay scattered about. Taking a heavy bar, he kept on. On reaching the wall, he looked about for some means of getting over it. This he accomplished by leaning a piece of timber against the top. He dropped the bar, end downward, and it sank into the earth noiselessly. Then he swung down the length of his arms and dropped without harm. He

was on the inside. What next? As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the deeper gloom he approached the nunnery. It was early, and the windows were alight. At the corner he paused to think. What should he do? If he should break in the door, it would bring great odds against him immediately. Perhaps he could gain admission in the way he had done the night before. He would try. But first he must arrange a means of escape if fortune favored him.

Returning to the wall, he placed against it some empty boxes which were at hand. Then he went to the door and touched the bell. Soon he heard steps, and a voice full of caution inquired what was wanted.

"A commitment," he replied, in a gruff voice.

The ruse worked. The door opened ever so little. Quick as a flash, George forced his way in, and commanded the woman to keep silence as she valued her life.

"Take me to Marion Allison, the girl who was brought here yesterday," he commanded, grasping the nun's arm.

A struggle followed, after which there was the opening and closing of doors. Then a cry of alarm rang through the house. George had a glimpse of several garbed forms flitting about. Then he heard the alarm given outside. The guard would be upon him in a few minutes. Throwing caution to the winds, he rushed at a door across the room, splintering it with the bar. In this manner he made a passage for him-

self through the building. Before the heavy tool the panels gave way like glass. A feeling of exultant power came to him. As he rushed on he called Marion's name. Coming to a stairway, he bounded up it. A double entrace was before him. He swung the bar and the doors crashed in. Again he called, and this time he was answered. He heard a cry of joy, and saw Marion running toward him, with several nuns in pursuit. The next moment they were down the stairs together. Coming to a window, George demolished it. Leaping out, they ran to the wall. Bounding to the top, he reached down and took her hands. In a trice they were over and flying toward a strip of woods. The sound of running men came to them. They were being pursued.

Reaching the forest, they dropped down a bank and crossed the bed of a stream. George took up two stones, then led on into the willow tangle beyond. As they entered it they heard the crunching of feet in the gravel. Drawing Marion aside, he stepped out and waited. Two forms came crashing toward them. George hurled a stone with terrific force at the nearest man. He sank to the earth with a groan. He met the second hand to hand; they grappled, but George soon overpowered and bound him. Taking an automatic from the pocket of one of them, he led the way into the depths of the wilderness.

After an hour they paused to rest. Sitting upon a fallen tree, he drew Marion to him and listened, while she rehearsed in a

low, frightened voice something of the terrible experiences through which she had passed. Then he kissed her forehead reverently, speaking words of comfort and assurance.

"My sweet Marion, God was indeed good to permit me to save you from the bondage of that awful institution. How I thank Him! Never again shall they touch you, save it be over my dead body."

"I was sure you would come sometime to take me out, dear," she replied. "But it was so dangerous. How brave and good you are!"

"My darling," he replied, brokenly, "I would die a thousand times, if need be, for your good."

"And that is why I love you so much," she answered, nestling to him, while the night wind moved softly through the trees, and the stars seemed very close and kind.

VII

BREAKING THE IRON JAW

THEY were startled by the sound of steps. Their pursuers were persistent enough. A moment later dark forms passed close to them. George and Marion moved carefully away in an opposite direction, but the breaking of a stick revealed their presence and the men were quickly after them. Turning at the edge of an opening, George fired twice in rapid succession. Not waiting to see what the effect was, he sped on, Marion close beside him. Morning found them on the banks of a river. After some difficulty, they persuaded a man to take them over in a boat. A mile beyond, they came to a cabin. The woman proved to be kind, and they rested here till evening. Then they went on through the forest which covered the hills. Before morning they glimpsed the city's lights.

Going to the west, they came out on the heights above the metropolis, and, finding another open door, they rested again. But, fearing that the natural curiosity of the people might lead to discovery, they concluded to retire to some unfrequented spot and await developments. In a tangle of undergrowth which had covered a small

clearing they found a deserted house. Everything bore witness that the place was seldom, or never, visited. Here George made Marion as comfortable as possible; gave her instructions in the use of the automatic, and stole away into the city. Reaching the home of one of the men who had assisted him a few nights before, he was admitted, and, in due time, cleverly disguised, he went to the offices of his attorneys, Huston & Coruthers, who greeted him warmly.

"A great mess you have kicked up, young fellow. I say, a great mess," the senior member bantered, slapping George on the shoulder. "Look at the paper there." George glanced at the sensational headlines, which announced that a House of the Good Shepherd at a neighboring town had been invaded by an infatuated desperado, and that an inmate, who had been committed for immoral conduct, had gone away with him. This was followed by a scathing denunciation of the act. There was also a lengthy editorial of the same nature. George smiled. He knew that the fear of Catholic boycott had forced this publication, no matter what the personal views of the editor might be, for the hierarchy censored the press, he knew.

"It is time some one caused those pirates trouble," he replied.

"Right you are, young fellow; right you are. Hadn't given the matter much thought before, but I find that all such commitments are unconstitutional, and will not stand a minute under a real test of law."

"Then, force the issue!" George spoke with heat.

"Trust us for that. We intend to carry the case to the highest court in the land, if necessary to get the decision we want. There will be no need of that, however, for the State is aroused. Telegrams and letters are coming in. The sleeping sentiment on this question is taking fire. The people are demanding an investigation, and the priests are shuffling about in their mother hubbards at a great rate. Those pouchy rascals must be taught that they are not in South America, Spain or Mexico, and that we won't stand for their Jesuitical work."

This was welcome news to George Ainsley, and he hurried back to communicate it to Marion, taking supplies with him. He found her in tears. The spot was lonely and her condition miserable. The injustice of it all caused him to flame with anger. What was this diabolical power which took an innocent victim and crushed her in its greed-mills, then hunted her like a wild beast through the forest? This was evidence enough of the deplorable condition of the country.

Having secured an invitation, George conducted Marion to the home of a man he could trust. There she remained in hiding, while he went and came, keeping in touch with the developments of the case. The papers were filled with the sensation. Prominent lawyers were bidding for fees by volunteering opinions on each side. The hierarchy rushed into print, but, as usual, in a Jesuit-

ical manner. Nothing appeared over the name of a priest, yet it was evident that the streams of invective and slander issued from their retreats. The storm had broken which, for generations, had been gathering. The tragic stories of escaped nuns, with all who had been crushed and blighted in the horror-chambers of Rome, were bearing fruit. The people were aroused. Something would have to be done. The girl who had escaped when Marion failed had published her statement of the cruelties of the House of the Good Shepherd. Others who had feared to speak came forward to corroborate the facts given. Slowly the editors began to feel the new pulse, and their tone changed. If there was a reformation at hand, they must be on the flood of it. Meantime, Archbishop Crastie marshalled his forces and worked in the way of a Jesuit. Thus the excitement grew. Huston & Coruthers boldly announced that they would fight the issue to the last extremity. Both factions retained powerful lawyers. Injunctions were obtained. The judges began to take notice of the sentiment which they had not dreamed existed, and, as is usual with politicians, to adjust themselves accordingly.

Then came the day when the matter was to be fought out in court. Counsel for the prosecution would appeal to the sentiments of the people, and then the constitutional features would be brought forth. When George and Marion entered the crowded room, it caused a sensation which the court found it hard to subdue. The sight of the

man who had risked his life to save the woman he loved moved many to tears.

Marion's companion in her attempted escape was called first. The girl gave a straightforward testimony, stating the cruelties and degradations of the House of the Good Shepherd. During her recital the audience frequently gave vent to its rising tide of indignation. Then Marion was called to the stand. The stillness of death reigned in the room as she walked to the chair and stood to take the oath. She was calm, but very pale. All eyes were fixed upon her. She was asked to state the particulars of her attempt to escape from the House of the Good Shepherd, giving her reasons for doing so. Objections to this were overruled by the court, which indicated that the judge purposed that all the facts should be brought out. Marion was requested to proceed in her own way to depict the things done in the institution. A look from George encouraged her, and she soon found herself carried along with a sense of indignation, while she stated graphically what she had experienced.

"The miseries of the House of the Good Shepherd can not be described," she began. "I was simply railroaded into the place without cause. Nor was I given a chance to secure legal aid or a hearing. Judge Gatenby committed me on his own whim. I had broken no law, neither was I in need. In that institution they are starved and mistreated. They are even compelled to sit twelve hours at their machines in order to

get out their allotments. Their shoulders are stooped and their lungs are decaying. I never saw such hopeless eyes. Always, some one is being whipped or abused. The food is vile, much of it donated from the waste boxes of the restaurants and the groceries. I have known of as many as seven girls being washed in one bath to save water expenses. For the most trifling infractions of the rules the little slaves are brutally mistreated. The scourge is often used. I have suffered this myself, at the hands of Mother Elizabeth, and I have seen her applying it to others. The body is first stripped, and then the thongs lash the naked flesh. More, they throw them into dungeons and starve them. They are compelled to eat from the floor with their hands tied behind them. Their hair is haggled off, and some are made to finish their tasks kneeling before a statue of the Virgin Mary. The very air is filled with fear and cruelty. In that institution are scores of girls who were committed to it without any form of law, and others are held long after their sentences have expired. Many have been spirited in from other States. In every sense they are slaves. Many of the little things look upon their tormentors wonderingly, not knowing why they are treated so. And for their toil they receive nothing."

As Marion left the stand the crowd broke into angry protestations of indignation. Then came a surprise. The judge, who had given Marion a very close hearing, instructed

the sheriff to proceed immediately to the House of the Good Shepherd and bring half a dozen witnesses taken at random; also, to conduct Mother Elizabeth into his presence. This was done. The sensation was increased when the woman appeared in her robes, haughty of manner, her eyes full of anger.

The testimony of these witnesses only confirmed what had already been given. One who stated that she had been whipped by the superior bared her shoulders, at the request of the court, and showed the long, black welts which were still raw. The girl testified that she had been compelled to continue at her machine in this condition, besides being subjected to days of starvation.

Then Mother Elizabeth was sworn. Her testimony consisted of blank denials and sarcastic utterances which called forth rebukes from the court. When asked to explain the bruises on the body of the girl, she endeavored to shift it to some nun who had acted in her absence and without her sanction. When asked to explain why she had permitted the child to continue at her machine in such a condition, she made no reply.

As the superior left the stand, the attorney for the prosecution called Marion back for another statement.

"You say you were whipped with this 'cat-o'-nine,' of which we have been hearing, Miss Allison?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please state who it was that used it upon you."

"Mother Elizabeth."

"That will do."

As Marion left the chair, the lawyer arose and addressed the sheriff, by permission of the court:

"Mr. Sheriff, here is a warrant for the arrest of Mother Elizabeth, charging her with cruelty and inhuman treatment. Please see that she is deprived of her liberty till further action may be taken."

The sheriff obeyed, and the nun was placed in a cell. Some priests who were informed of this came in to protest, but were, for the time at least, removed from the courtroom by order of the judge.

When the lawyers had finished their arguments on the constitutional features involved, the court took the matter under advisement and the case rested. As George and Marion left the room they received evidence of the profound sympathy of the crowd. It was evident that a better day had dawned. Soon all the gates of Roman prisons would be thrown open, never more to be closed.

After due consideration, the court handed down its decision. The findings were to the effect that the House of the Good Shepherd, as conducted, was an unconstitutional thing. The juvenile court had acted without authority, and those so committed were unlawfully deprived of their liberty. He therefore ordered that all the inmates should be released at once, and that in the future every commitment must be made by proper civil processes. It seemed clear to the court that

the Roman Catholic Church, through its political manipulations, had concocted a scheme by which to supply its institutions with unpaid labor, and that in this it was liable to prosecution for obtaining money under false pretenses and imprisoning individuals unlawfully.

The entire commonwealth was thrilled with sympathetic interest. Letters poured in, expressing the most intense feeling on each side. Judge Gatenby resigned in haste. Mrs. Bolton followed. A call over the telephone brought George and Marion to the offices of Huston & Coruthers. All entered a machine and hurried out to the House of the Good Shepherd. They arrived ahead of the sheriff. Priests were seen shuffling about, fuming furiously. Archbishop Crastie was there, pronouncing curses and kissing the cross which dangled over his full-length black robe. George took Marion by the arm and approached them.

"I want you Jesuits to see Marion Allison. I told you that you had taken one too many victims to your prison. The next thing you and your doves of the temple will have to face is a case of damages for false imprisonment. We came out to enjoy the first opening in America of a Roman Catholic institution by process of law."

George and Marion kept close to the sheriff and his assistants, as they entered and began forcing the doors. Marion led the way through the buildings. In the dungeon they found nothing but the evidence of the

sufferers who had been there. The door of this place was beaten down. Then came the children and girls, a stream of abject humanity, their hollow eyes full of bewilderment. As the fact began to dawn on them that they were free, they were overcome with joy and gratitude. Reporters were busy writing the epoch-making affair. Crowds were arriving constantly. Automobiles came panting up, filled with curious people. Cheer on cheer broke from the patriotic mass of onlookers. Lifting his hand, George Ainsley vowed that he would spend his life in the work of opening the prisons of Rome, till not a nun or girl remained in involuntary servitude behind her locked gates and barred windows.

"In that I will stand by you, dear," Marion seconded, in a low, firm voice.

As they turned to leave, they saw William Allison coming toward them. Something in his face and walk caused Marion to cry out for joy, as she ran to him.

"Oh, father, you are changed!" she cried, clinging to his neck.

"Yes, child, completely changed. I need not tell you of the process; at least, not now. When I found you gone, and knew it was my fault—well, He knows what I felt and what I did." The man looked upward and pointed in the direction of his glance.

"I am a changed man," he said, brokenly, his eyes misty.

Marion gave way to happy tears. George grasped the hand of William Allison enthusiastically.

"I always believed you would do it," he cried, finding it hard to control his feelings.

At that instant a machine arrived, and George heard his name called. Looking up, he saw the pastor of Marion's church alighting.

"I congratulate you both," the minister began, stepping toward them.

George drew back. "How about your official board?" he asked.

The minister laughed. "Don't be too hard on a fellow, Ainsley. I have most of them with me. I needed what you gave me, all right, for it set me to thinking. Since then, we have gone into the backbone business down at our church, and, you take it from me, I am after the other preachers just as you went after me. Shake!"

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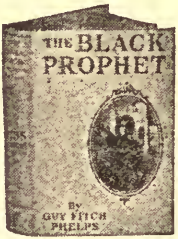

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